



VULTURE



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# FRONTISPIECE.



FARMER MFANWELL

THE  
*AMUSING STORY*  
OF  
FARMER MEANWELL  
AND HIS  
DAUGHTER SALLY.

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T. Brandard, Printer, Birmingham.

FARMER MEANWELL

AND HIS

DAUGHTER SALLY.



HERE comes the man with  
Farmer Meanwell's favourite  
horse, just arrived from the  
stable. I will tell you a story  
of him — Farmer Meanwell



was a poor Boy brought up by the parish.

One day as he was amusing himself with a kite in the fields, a practice he was uncommonly fond of because he did not like the company



of rude boys Squire Bell came by. Seeing him in the field, called to him, telling him to run to the house, which was not a mile distant, and desire the servants to send by him his pocket-book he had left on the table. Away ran little Steady, as he was called, and soon returned with the pocket

book, which he presented with many awkward bows and scarpes.

After that he was often sent for to the Squire's, to clean the knives, and to go of errands, which he performed with such honesty and fidelity, that the Squire took him to wait at table; from that time he was made his butler. He had not been long in this situation, before he married a very modest young woman, a farmer's daughter.

The good Squire gave him a farm well stocked, and made him his steward.

His wife was clean and industrious; she would go of a cold winter's morning and fetch water from the pump to wash her milk-pails, or scour her house.

Farmer Meanwell (for such he was now in deed and in truth) was very grateful for the Squire's goodness; and now you know how well he was rewarded for his charity towards a poor father and motherless boy.

As he (the Squire was fishing in the canal in his park, with some 'gentlemen that had come from London on a



visit to him; some of the gentlemen found it very cold, and in consequence returned to the house, but the Squire, who took great delight in this amusement, still continued to divert himself by the river, having promised to follow them soon.

Shortly after this, the remainder of the company who were left, endeavoured to prevail upon him to leave his sport; finding him obstinate, they left him.

They had not been gone long, before he fell into the water. Farmer Meanwell,

who was about his master's grounds with his dog, seeing all the company come back, was uneasy his master did not also return with them; away he went to the canal, and it was just in time to save his master's life, which he did at the hazard of his own.

The Squire was so benumbed with cold, being so long in the water, that he was quite helpless, and was just sinking to the bottom, when Meanwell instantly caught him by the hair of his head, then raising him up in his

arms he dragged him out of the water.

He soon got assistance from the house. The Squire was put to bed, and Meanwell went home quite happy, to think he had been of such service to his benefactor.

His master got well before him, for he caught a violent cold, and was very ill, but the Squire meeting a neighbour's boy, as he trundled his hoop on the green, kindly enquired after his preserver, and being informed he was indisposed, no care or attention was spared by the Squire

dtring his illness. Every day he dispatched a messenger to know the state of the farmer's health, which was a proof how much he was respected by the Squire.



Meanwell's daughter Sally, who had been a weakly child

even from her cradle, was now gaining more strength than she had ever possessed, which gave great joy to her parents. She could now take her amusements like other children, and enjoy them equally as well. She did not like some wicked children, delight in teasing the lame, the blind, and the unfortunate ; but was never so happy as when she could render them some little service, often saying to her companions, We know not what calamity may befall any of us.

One day she was exercis-



ing herself with a skipping rope, the Squire had made her a present of, she saw a boy tormenting a poor half-starved linnet ; Sally's little heart ached, she gave him twopence to save its life, and taking it home, she fed it with

such care and tenderness, that it became a very nice singing bird.

Sally is grown up a nice young woman ; she assists her mother in her household concerns, and when the linen is washed, it is her business to hang it up to dry.

In fact she is a blessing to her parents.



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Jug and Glasses